

MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649007233

Memories of eighty years by Fanny J. Crosby

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

FANNY J. CROSBY

**MEMORIES OF
EIGHTY YEARS**



FANNY CROSBY IN HER EIGHTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS

BY

Frances
FANNY J. CROSBY

(MRS. ALEXANDER VANALSTYNE)

*THE STORY OF HER LIFE, TOLD BY HERSELF
ANCESTRY, CHILDHOOD, WOMANHOOD
FRIENDSHIPS, INCIDENTS AND
HISTORY OF HER SONGS
AND HYMNS*

ILLUSTRATED

**JAMES H. EARLE & COMPANY
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS**

*[cop. 1906]
eum*



Copyright, 1906
By MRS. ALEXANDER VANALSTYNE
All Rights Reserved

DEDICATION

*Go little book with many a prayer
Go on thy pinions light as air
The story and the life portray
Of her who sends thee forth to-day
Go little book, God's goodness tell
Whose praise her soul enraptured sings
Who gave the harp she loves so well
And in her childhood tuned the strings
Go, little book, her years recall
With countless friends so richly blest
She murmurs not what'er befall
But feels the power of perfect rest
Go, little book, should some lone heart
Forget in thee one throb of pain
Shouldst thou but play this humble part
Thy author has not toiled in vain*

1923

OCT

TRANSFER FROM C. U.



INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT

FOR those friends and acquaintances, who have expressed a wish to read the complete story of my life, from my childhood to the present time, I have undertaken the writing of this book. By including even some incidents that, in themselves, may seem trivial, I have tried to make this account a full and accurate autobiography. In modesty, however, I have also desired to render my story as simple as possible, in fact, to give a vivid picture of my work, my opinions and my aspirations, not only as a teacher but also as a writer of sacred songs; and if I have spoken with a frankness that may seem akin to egotism, I hope that I may be pardoned; for I am fully aware of the immense debt I owe to those numberless friends, only a few of whom I have been able to mention, and especially to that dear Friend of us all, who is our light and life.

Throughout the pages which follow I have availed myself of the kind assistance of several persons; and I desire to acknowledge here especially the services of the Biglow and Main Company for permission to make a few quotations from my copyrighted poems; to J. L. B. Sunderlin, for the use of a number of articles that originally appeared in the "Albany Railroader"; to I. Allan Sankey, Hubert P. Main; Dr. William H. Doane and Mrs. Mary Upham Currier, for corrections,

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT

suggestions and stories of the hymns; to my sister, Mrs. Carrie W. Rider, for the single-hearted devotion with which she has aided me in every way she could to make this story of my life all that a loving sister would wish it to be; to my friend, Miss Eva G. Cleaveland, who has warmly seconded my sister's efforts; and to my cousin, William Losee, for pictures of my early home and its surroundings.

In the work of compiling, copying and arranging this book, I am indebted to the valuable services of H. Adelbert White. Like my old physician, Dr. J. W. G. Clements, through whose generous efforts my first book of poems was issued, he has sacrificed every other consideration and patiently devoted himself to my interest. This he has done, however, as a gift of friendship; and I realize that this book never would have been possible without his assistance.

But, if this little volume shall be the means of transmitting sunshine into any life, I am sure that all those, who have so generously given their aid, will feel abundantly rewarded. For myself, it is a rare privilege and pleasure to twine the blossoms I have been gathering in the garden of memory along the journey of life into a wreath which must forever be a token of fellowship and good will.